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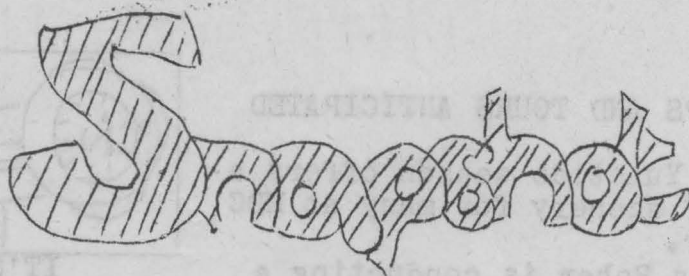
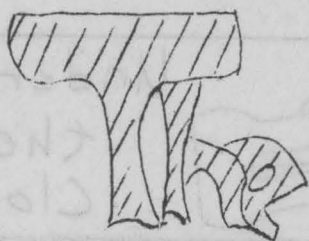
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VOLUME IV NUMBER XII DECEMBER 16, 1946

CHRISTMAS 1946

Christmas this year? On the calendar it will be only another of a long succession of Christmases, and from the outside there will be nothing new or unusual about the day or the season. Window decorations in the stores are more lavish, and toys plentiful. Gathered around the tree on Christmas morning, families will be more complete than they have been for five years past. But we still consider solemnly the sharp contrasts of happiness and misery in the world. We remember that our own nation, after a year and a half of peace on paper, is deeply upset and troubled.

For we know that it is too soon, this Christmas, to boast that all is as it was before. Raising the ruined cities is a long, arduous task; restoring emaciated bodies and fear-stricken minds to vitality and happiness will take our collective efforts for many years to come. But perhaps what we have accomplished by this Christmas season is more significant even than satisfying the physical needs of those robbed by war. For the beginning, small as it is, is yet a strong, courageous beginning--a change of heart from black despair to hope. We are a year further from bitterness as we celebrate this season, a year nearer understanding. The smudge of hatred that has darkened our hearts is disappearing through the work of love. As we send relief packages, as we make it possible through our contributions for other students to go back to their colleges, as we pack warm clothing into boxes for overseas shipment, we are doing more than providing immediate help for only a few. We are sending silently our message of encouragement, our assurance that one day "peace on earth, good will toward men" will be the first law of our world. We are proving that man's feeling for man, breaking through a chaos of mixed sympathies, must **at last** dispel our twilight with the radiance of brotherhood.

And for ourselves--we are experiencing the very essence of Christmas.

WE GO CAROLLING

Lantern night? Of course! I went last year, and the year before that...I wouldn't miss it!

You light the candle inside your lantern, and swing it round and round on its stick. It's a lovely sight; a hundred bright lanterns swinging along in the dark night, as the carolers stream out of Merrill Hall.

Singing carols is fun when you're just singing them for your own pleasure; but when you're singing for the orphans, the old people and the sick, you get a wonderful, glowing feeling, and you don't ever want to stop.

At the orphanages, the children line up on the stairs and stare at you with wide, starry eyes. They are completely thrilled, and sometimes they sing along with you. You begin to think that your singing is pretty good..

At Saint Mary's hospital, you stand on a great circular staircase and sing to all the people you can't see, shut behind their hospital doors; the people standing around smile at you, and nod goodbye as you move quietly outside.

By this time, you are singing as you walk along the street, and you think that you've never loved singing so much before. At the home for the aged, you try very hard to sing your best, standing in the hush of the carpeted hall.

You are quite likely to be very cold when you arrive back at the college, and the smell of hot cocoa is very tempting. You sit around in the C.S. rooms drinking your cocoa, and soon you find yourself singing carols again.... you sing and sing and sing....



TRIPS AND TOURS ANTICIPATED

The Yuletide season offers a change of scenery for many at MDC this year.

Miss Reber is conducting a tour to New York City with the assistance of Miss Edna Anderson. Miss Cerrato will join the group later from her home in Springfield, Mass. The trip will last from December 28 to January 5. Headquarters for the expedition have been established at the Hotel Woodstock, on 45th Street and Times Square.

A busy program will include excursions to the Radio City, Music Hall, museums and libraries, and a series of eight theatrical productions. A few of the plays which the group will attend are "Showboat", "Lady Windermere's Fan", "O Mistress Mine", "Joan of Lorraine", and "Cyrano de Bergerac".

Those who are planning to take the trip include Nancy Schmitt, Mary Lou Baldwin, Dorothy Chamberlain, Merle Epstein, Shirley Hart, Florence Arakawa, Charlotte Aspuria, Mona Dizon, Margaret Snowden, and Delores Kirschner.

Elizabeth Thurmon is anticipating a rollicking Christmas vacation. She will be the guest of friends in Albany, New York. They will spend part of their time in Vermont where they intend to do some skiing. "And just think, New Year's Eve in New York City!" squealed Liz in an excited voice.

Jean Olsen hinted a possible sojourn to the winter wonderland of Canada. She also professed enthusiasm for the various winter sports offered, with skiing high on the agenda.

Joan Atwell is looking forward to spending Christmas in New England with her grandmother.

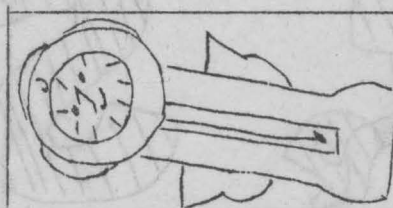
The most popular answer to the question, "Where are you going to spend your Christmas vacation?" is "At home!" (uttered with a pleasant sigh)

Whether you're remaining at home or traveling during the holidays, the Snapshot Staff wishes you a very Merry Christmas and an exceedingly Happy New Year!

ADDRESS BOOKS 55¢

You'll need one to send
your Christmas cards!

See Joan Loeb



Under
the
Clock

IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

Silent night, holy night
The sky is clear, the stars are
bright.
But I feel weary, old, and gray,
I bought my Christmas gifts today.

At eight o'clock this morning, I
Ran for a bus---it went on by;
For it was packed with people who
Had planned to do their shopping,
too.

It took some time to get downtown
And when I did, a troubled frown
Broke o'er my face, for all the
stores
Had shoppers bulging from the
doors.

But gallantly I did my best
To shove and trip just like the
rest.
By noon I'd pushed 'most everyone,
But hadn't got much shopping done.

All afternoon I fought like mad
For gloves for Sis or tie for Dad.
When gifts had broke my purse and
back,
I found a bus and stumbled back.

I then was ready for some sleep,
My packages piled in a heap,
My aching feet propped on the bed,
A pillow 'neath my weary head.

I lost some weight, and now I
find,
That I have nearly lost my mind.
So when well-wishers come and say,
"Good luck upon this Christmas
day",
I'll wish them joy and love and
cheer,
With hope that I'll be dead next
year!

In the course of an enlightening
conversation, Pat Schaper divulged
an original technique concerning
knitting. "Well," commented
Schaper, "I knitted a pair of
navy blue mittens with yellow
thumbs so I could tell when they
were dirty--Thumb Technique!!!"

Since the Aeolian Christmas party
a certain faculty member is play-
ing the xylophone. HOWE come?